

Sample (m.)

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT THE

FIFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

OF THE

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE

OF

PENNSYLVANIA,

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BY

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VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

WHEN I was a student I used to find fault with the title "Commencement Day." What! would I ask, will ye call the close of anxious labor and the completion of *our* arduous studies, Commencement Day? Call it rather termination day. It closes those hours of midnight toil around the flickering lamp; it terminates our anxious vigils over dull dispensatories; it unchains us from Pereira and Wilson, from Bell and Fergusson, from Dewees and Churchill, from Turner and Fownes, from a long line of dry and tedious masters; it sets us free and ends our servitude. I had not then heard of the student of Dr. Rush, who, being notified that he would be admitted to the honors of such an occasion as this, ran hurriedly to his venerable preceptor exclaiming, "Rejoice with me, sir, I have got through!" "Got through with what?" asked the learned doctor. "I have got through my studies." "Have you, indeed?" rejoined that sage in medicine; "then you have done what I have not. I have been studying more than fifty years, and have not got through with mine yet." No! indeed, it is plain enough to me now, that it is far, very far, from being termination day. It is, in truth, well named "Commencement Day." Here is only the threshold of life. Here is to begin the heartburnings and the heart strugglings in the battle of life. We, indeed, have hitherto piloted the adventurous bark in safety to the verge of life's busy waters; but here we cut it adrift on the shores of an unknown sea. Here you are to start alone. Here begins the voyage of life. Here commences with individual responsibility the real labor. Before, you were only learning how to study; here commences the reality of study. Here, too, commence the trials and disappointments, as well as the labor, anxiety, success, honor, and reward of a life of never-ending study and toil.

And this is commencement day. What varied emotions swell the breasts of those who join in its festive scenes! Some look

back to the thousand incidents and mischances that have marked their history since they took part in similar transactions. Perhaps half a century has revolved since then. They have witnessed the *entrée* of a thousand human beings into life, wakening rich pleasures in fond parents' hearts, and they have smoothed a thousand dying pillows as they watched the way-worn pilgrim's exit from the stage. Others to-day are exultant over sons who have reached with honor the great starting-point of their adopted profession. Some, again, are looking on with scarce less kindly feelings, and render sympathetic greetings upon the successful advancement of companions and friends; while others, and they the most interested upon the present occasion, are lifting their eyes to distant scenes of active usefulness. To them the horizon is all radiant with bright visions of the future—they are panting like impatient coursers, champing at restraint, and restive to bound forward that they may win the tempting prizes that glitter in the distance. Overlooking and overleaping the realities of the present, they imagine that only in the distance lies all real good, and dream not that much which now looks so tempting, so beautiful, so fair, will dissolve like gay frost-work as they draw nearer: for, as in nature, so in the pursuit of professional honors,

“’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;
The fields look fruitful and the mountains blue,
Because they’re near to heaven.”

But alas! a closer intimacy converts the towering forests into stunted shrubbery, and those cerulean tints which charmed the eye, dissolve into the misty clouds which crown the mountain's top. Yet it is not all delusion—amid much that is fading in the landscape there still remains the cheerful vale and happy cot on the hillside. The steady and persevering, though he may not gain all to which his young and ardent fancy had aspired, seldom fails to secure a rich reward of honor as well as a competence that will satisfy his maturer expectations.

The world is progressive—man is progressive, arts and science are progressive, and we live in what, most emphatically, may be called an age of progression; but no art, no science has been

so progressive as medicine. It has progressed from the simple remedies which nature prepared in the field to the most complicated and barbarous combinations that human ingenuity could invent. From those days of brutality when the surgeon, ignorant of the circulation of the blood or any means of tying the arteries, dipped the bleeding, lacerated, and smarting stump of the unhappy sufferer into a kettle of boiling pitch, or applied a red-hot iron to the freshly-gashed and still quivering flesh of the victim, to stanch the bleeding vessels, it has progressed to the application of ligatures and chloroform, when a man may have a limb, ay, even his head cut off without knowing anything about it. In the last half century particularly, has medicine been making rapid advances towards perfection, till now Homœopathia has taken the last step. She has reached the Ultima Thule—upon her banner is inscribed, *Ne plus ultra*,—there is nothing more beyond.

Let the eye rest for a single moment upon the facts of history, and it must be apparent that the Allopathia of to-day is as far in advance of the Allopathia of the last century as Homœopathia is in advance of Allopathia itself. As an illustration, I will read you an allopathic prescription in vogue about one hundred years ago, found in the most celebrated dispensatory of that period; it is Salmon's London Dispensatory. But I scarcely know which to select for your edification—either the quintessence of swallows, vipers, hogs'-lice, chinchas, or man's flesh. I will recite the first and the last. (Page 498.) “*Quinta essentia hirundinum fabri*—quintessence of swallows. Take twenty or more swallows, choke them so that their blood may remain within them, cut them into small bits, feathers and all, then distil from a glass vessel and save the quintessence. This medicine powerfully cures the epilepsy, palsy, trembling, numbness, cramp, convulsions, gout, and helps all chronic affections.” Again, article “*Quinta essentia carnis humanæ fabri*—quintessence of man's flesh. Take of *man's flesh*, killed by a violent death, when the sun is in Leo, lbs. iij., put it into a glass vessel, with spirits of wine and spirits of salt; put it in the shade, where no dust may come, for several days, that the flesh may imbibe the spirits of salt; dry and reduce it to powder; put it into the best rectified spirits, and digest fifteen days; decant and circulate ten days with a gentle fire;

calcine the inder with a violent fire; wash with water of carduus or convally; then purify by many *coagulations*, *calcinations*, and *solutions*, till it becomes of the thickness of new honey, which, for its worth, may be preserved in a vessel of gold. It preserves health and expels all diseases whatever. Having so many virtues as to produce long and healthful life. Dose gr. iij., every morning, fasting; in broth or generous wine."

No wonder there arose among the ignorant and uninitiated the idea that doctors made castor oil out of dead men's bones. It is nasty enough for such an origin, even though it be a vegetable product.

Moreover it seems that a single execrable abomination was not enough to conquer the strength of the brave stomachs of that time. They heaped medicine on medicine, till at last they gave 388 several particular or different medicines, jumbled up together in a single dose. I read from the same book, Salmon's London Dispensatory, article "Antidotus Mathioli or Malthiolus, his great antidote or counter-poyson.

"R—Rhubarb, Rhapontick, roots of Valerian (Acorus), Calamus Aromaticus, of Cyprus, of Cinkfoil, of Tormentil, of Round Birthwort, of Malepeony, āā 3iii; of Roots of Galanga, of Masterwort, of White Dittany, of Yarrow, of Filipendula, of Dropwort, of Zedoary, āā 3ii; of Devil's-bit, 3iiss; Berries of Kermes, Seeds of Agnus Castus, of Cow parsnips, of Hedge mustard, of Bishop's weed, āā 3ij; Leaves of Scordium, Gout ivy, Steachus, Celtick, Spikenard, Calamint, Rue, Mint, Vervain, Scabius, āā 3j; Sheanath, Goats-rue, Burnet, 3ij; Emblick Myrabolans, 3ss; Flowers of Borage, Bugloss, āā 3iv; Sanders, the three sorts, and Xylo-aloes, āā 3iiss; Hartshorn, Unicorn's horn, Bezoar stone, 3j; Bone of a stag's heart, Ivory, Castoreum, āā 3iv; Earth of Lemnos, 3iii; Oriental pearls, emeralds, jacinths, red coral, āā 3jss; Musk, Ambergrise, āā 3j; Tongues of Vipers, 3ii; Juices of Sow thistles, of Vipers and Bugloss, āā 1bss; Hypocristis, 3ii; Choice honey, 1bss 3vj. Choose all with diligence and art, and let them be made into an electuary." This is a specimen of only a fourth part of this celebrated remedy, which was intended as an antidote against the plague of poisons and pestilential fever.

This is what was called Allopathia a century ago ; but I think there must be some mistake in the spelling, and will do my allopathia brethren the justice to say that instead of being Allopathia, I am inclined to call it All—Pathia, for it seems to have embraced everything, and more too if possible, both in diseases and medicaments.

Now the motto of Homœopathia is not only *Similia Similibus Curantur*, but also *Remedii Unitas*, doses minime, *Experientia in Homine Sano*—one medicine at a time, in the smallest doses, and that after learning its virtues on man in health.

Only think, my friends, of your great grandmothers forcing your grandfathers to gulp down the quintessence of half a dozen young swallows, and thus making one great swallow out of six little ones, and following up (*surely not down*) the dose with a spoonful of Malthiolus, his antidote !

Now contrast this glorious and heroic practice with a neat little Homœopathic powder, containing five or six (*little*) pellets, all palatable as sugar candy, and I am sure you are prepared to agree with me that medicine is progressive ; that Homœopathia has outvied all competitors in her claims for patronage, so far at least as her system of preparing and administering medicaments is concerned, and still more, that, if man is as progressive as he boasts himself, he will henceforth use no other.

But while saying so much for the preparation of our medicines, I may with propriety add a word as to their efficacy. The day has gone by when the enemies of truth dare fabricate their calumnies, like the man with the satyr, blowing hot and cold with the same breath, crying out, “ Oh ! Homœopaths only give a little sugar of milk ; there is no medicine in it. It can do no good, because it has no power.” To this libel the people have given the *lie*, and sealed their verdict to the contrary. Lo, on the instant their cry changes, and the same manly, honest, whole-souled doctor, who but now was deerying it as inert and worthless, finding that the community dares to think differently, now cries almost in the same breath, “ Oh ! these Homœopaths give too powerful medicines—would not take them for the world ! they are only the most potent poisons—arsenie, mercury, and prussic acid ! they will kill you surely if you use them !” To this also the people have given their

dissenting verdict, and the recovery of their health in multitudes sustains the judgment. Shamed at length into something like consistency and truth, these precious doctors acknowledge that Homœopaths do cure about as many as they do. But this does not now satisfy us; we claim to cure more, largely more. *Magna est veritas et prevalabit.* But what is truth? Let well-authenticated statistics attest. Official documents, *being certified returns to the government of Great Britain* in the terrible epidemic dysentery which prevailed in Ireland during the famine of 1847, show the comparative results to have been, that Allopaths saved only 640 to 1000, while Homœopaths saved 860; or, Allopathia lost 360 out of 1000 cases, while Homœopathia lost only about 140, or about two-thirds less. And testimony beyond question is at hand to show, that careful tables, kept during the rage of that fearful scourge, the cholera, in Russia and Moldavia, exhibit the still wider difference of only 600 patients saved out of 1000 by Allopathia, against 920 saved by Homœopathia out of the same number; that is, Homœopaths lost only 80 out of 1000 cases committed to their care, while Allopaths lost the frightful aggregate of 400 cases out of the like number treated; being 8 per cent. lost by Homœopaths, against 40 lost by Allopaths. To this I may add, that in our own country, wherever the comparison has been fairly made, it has evidenced the like happy results.

Ladies and gentlemen, ye who have life and health to be sacrificed or saved, ye are interested in this issue quite as much as we, who are its champions and professors. Ye who have cheered us upon occasions that are past, and have honored us by your presenee here to-day, ye have a right to a discussion of this matter; your lives depend upon it; ye have a right to ask the question so frequently heard,—What are the claims of Homœopathia for the favor and support of mankind? Ye have had and shall still have an answer. We by no means avoid it. We are not ashamed of the results.

Fellow-eitizens, we come before you to-day with confidence and hope. Confidence in our science, and hope for the world. We as Homœopaths no longer stand in the baekground. We no longer follow in the rear of systems sanctified only by their an-

tiquity, and still groaning under the barbarous *practices* introduced by ignorant charlatans, or first practised in the barber-shops of the 16th century. No, my fellow-citizens, we have long enough wrought our miracles of cure unostentatiously and silently, miracles that have been too frequently witnessed by every one who has seen any extent of the practice to need specification;—with indubitable evidence we enter the arena, and cast the gauntlet of bold defiance in the face of all the world—of all creeds and systems; of every *pathy* and *ism*, that has existed or has been born to pine and to expire. We challenge the whole universe to test the facts. Facts are what the world rightly demands, and it is to the facts that our school now points with unblenching boldness, fearing no defeat.

The page which chronicles the history of the last half century on both hemispheres, has already transmitted to posterity the triumphs of this heaven-descended science for the salvation of the lives of men. For, as in religion, mankind tinkered at the soul's salvation without devising any scheme adequate to save the soul, till God Himself revealed the true way in Jesus Christ; so the race tinkered at the saving of the body without any adequate system, till God again revealed a plan to restore and save the body by Samuel Hahnemann. Millions attest the virtues of the former, while myriads and scores of myriads are not wanting to attest the latter. Thousands of parents, snatched from the insatiate grasp of the ruthless destroyer to bless their families, attest the record; myriads of children, whose lives have been shielded equally from the sirocco blast of disease and the overwhelming torrents of drugging poisons, live to confirm the glad reality; while millions of the devoted friends of mankind, spread the universal globe around, stand forth to the irrefutable, immutable truths which we proclaim—truths which the finger of God Himself is writing in characters of living light and life in the face of all opposition.

This day is an era in the history of medicine, long to be remembered as a day of triumph. The pilgrim of life will turn to it as an epoch of deep concern to the well-being of our race. The occasion itself—this large class of respectable and enlightened students—these numerous candidates for the honors

of our school—this vast assemblage of beauty and intelligence—these halls crowded to overflowing—all, all attest the interest and importance of these transactions to the world at large.

Sainted spirit of our immortal Hahnemann! pause, as borne on pinions of celestial light, thou cleavest the azure sky, sweeping earth's dark clouds aside, linger for awhile amid thy flight, and, poised upon thy lucid wing, look down from thy cerulean height and with us exult to-day over the success and triumphs of the first legal institution which the earth has ever seen, whose sole object is to spread the sublime principles thy genius first revealed. Behold the bounding hearts of these fifty noble disciples of thy doctrines, who this morning are to be sent forth fully prepared in every branch of a medical education, to vie with any and all, able to stand up with the graduates of any school in this city—in this nation—on this earth, to practise and to bless the world by saving thousands of their fellow men from untimely sepulchres; ay, join thy blessings with our own as we bid them God speed, and send them forth on their heaven-like mission of mercy to mankind.

Having boldly joined in the race for usefulness and honor, our watch-cry now is, *Excelsior*, higher and still higher. But I see a vision of glorious triumph in the future, when the entire medical world shall be revolutionized, and man's best interest and welfare shall be attained by the advancement of that system now so rapidly spreading among the sons of suffering and woe; that vision reveals to me a world scarce afflicted by disease, where generation succeeds to generation like fully ripened harvests gathered by the master's hand; then in that day of glad exultant joy to earth, the cry shall no longer be *Excelsior*, but *Excelsimus*, the highest, shall be heard from mountain top to mountain top, till distant vales shall catch the flying joy, and earth roll the rapturous hosanna round.

Gentlemen of the graduating class: To-day, while the nation is all alive to the bestowment upon her chosen son, for the next four years, of the highest civil honor she can confer, you are about to receive an honor still higher and far more enduring. I am aware that there are many who will take exception to this claim of the highest earthly honors for the medical profession. Still I

will advance the claim. The world, it is true, looks up to and accords her highest honors to devoted patriotism in some spheres, but overlooks it in others, even in the most godlike exhibitions of its noblest qualities; and where shall we discover so much of this true patriotism as in the daily rounds of the faithful and devoted practitioner of medicine? Yet the warrior and statesman, especially the former, monopolize the titles and honors of almost every nation on the globe. And what, I would ask, is the claim of the warrior compared with that of the physician? There is no comparison; the trade of the one is to destroy men's lives, the trade of the other is to save them; the path of one is marked with blood, and murder, and tears, and death; the path of the other is marked by smiles and happy homes of rescued victims from the stroke of the destroyer. Mankind are blinded by the smoke of battle, or their praises would not be so indiscriminately bestowed; would they but look upon the warrior, as he goes forth at early dawn surrounded by full ranks of crowded regiments, the morning sun reflected in ten thousand rays from the glittering steel works of death, while the echoing hills send back the softened strains of music, mingled with the parting shouts of his thoughtless soldiery; and when the scene changes, when the day is over, when the field of battle has been trampled by contending hosts, half of whom are absolutely ignorant of the cause of strife, would men now behold that leader as he returns with his ranks thinned into but the skeletons of his regiments, his triumphal path marked by fields, which erewhile were waving with rich harvests, now trodden ruthlessly into the dust; behind him lie desolated plains, ruined villages, sacked towns, and smouldering cities; his ear is filled by the shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying, while last, not least, he is pursued by the wailings of a thousand widows, and twice a thousand orphaned helpless ones mingle their curses upon the head of their destroyer; this is the true picture of a warrior; without it there would be no attraction for the restless son of strife, who is never satisfied till his brow is circled by laurels all dripping with human gore, and the soft strains of music changed to the howls and shrieks of human woe; and he for this claims and receives the highest honors. But the physician claims a mission allied to that of the Son of God himself, who went about doing good, and proclaiming that he came

not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. The anxious physician treads his daily round amid the shafts of death with but one object in view : to shield the victim from the stroke, and give him back to life and friends. Look at the scientific medical man as he enters the room loaded with the small-pox, or quietly, fearlessly treading the deadly wards of the pest-house, as in the great plague of London, when husband abandoned wife, ay, even mothers cast their children in terror from their arms, and fled affrighted from their bedside, while the good physician entered, and cared for and saved multitudes.

Amid such universal horror, the medical man is an object to be revered ; here is a display of sublimity, a moral grandeur, a nobleness and dignity unsurpassed, if not unparalleled, in all the history of man ! Here is a display of courage far transcending that of the drunken soldier in the deadly breach, or the occasional and spasmodic boldness of the battle-field.

Such, gentlemen, are the duties and labors to which we send you forth. Your duty will lead you wherever human hearts shall bleed and suffer ; into damp cellars or dark garrets, as well as in marble halls, your genius will lead you. Attention to the poor will form the first step to your advancement ; mercy, not money—humanity before honors, should be your ambition. Where the forester battles with the sturdy pine, at the foot of the Andes or Rocky Mountains,—in the far-off fields of Oregon and California,—on the green sea isle,—wherever the star-spangled banner flaunts the breeze, or the white sails of American commerce spread over the wave,—there, as well as in crowded cities, will be a field for the display of your benevolence and skill. Of your skill, we are abundantly satisfied, for your studies have been as varied and as thorough as any graduating class that ever stood upon this platform,—I care not in what school they pursued their *curriculum*. We know that you need not fear to cope with any in anatomy, surgery, materia medica, therapeutics, physiology, obstetrics, and chemistry, whether they be graduates of any of the schools of this or any other city in the United States, or in the world. We feel proud in sending out men like ye have proved yourselves to be ; and while we are not ashamed of you, we feel equally anxious to maintain the reputation and honor of the institution over which we preside, so that

ye may never be ashamed of your Alma Mater. She ranks second to none in the country as to the thorough tone of her curriculum, but third in this city as to the number of her matriculants, and first as to the success of her enterprise. I repeat, that the Homœopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania stands first in point of early success, and before every other school in this city as respects the size of her graduating classes. In five years, we have risen from a class of 15 students and 6 graduates to a class of 104 students and 55 graduates. Now, compare this with other medical schools, and we will find that only two others ever had a class of 50 graduates at one session. The University was more than 40 years before she graduated 50 at one time; and the Jefferson School, which now has the largest class in this country or on this continent, was in existence more than eight years before she presented so large a class of honored graduates as we have before us this morning; and I believe, after considerable research into the subject, that no other medical school in Philadelphia, except we three, has ever reached to the number of 50 graduates in one session.* And yet there are those who will tell us that Homœopathy is going down. Well, if beginning with a class of 15, as we did, to have 50 the second year, 73 the third year, 95 the fourth year, and 103 the fifth year; that is, if passing from 15 to 50, 73, 95, and 103, is going down, I for one am glad of it. I join you, as friends of the system and my colleagues here, in rejoicing that Homœopathia is going down; yes, yes, it is going down, that is true, but it is going down into the hearts of the people; and if it continue to go down in the same way a little longer, Allopathia will have gone down to the tomb of the Capulets, to be only remembered as one of the follies and barbarisms of a by-past age.

Thus we send ye forth, not as the armed warrior, with mailed front and gauntleted hand, with laurels all dripping with great

* University began 1765; in 1807, had 31, and 1808,	.	.	.	69
Jefferson School began 1834; for first seven years the highest was	.	.	.	31
Philadelphia School began 1847; highest class,	.	.	.	40
Female " " " "	.	.	.	6
Pennsylvania " " " "	.	.	.	39
Eclectic " " " "	.	.	.	4
Reformed " " " "	.	.	.	1
Franklin " " " "	.	.	.	18

gouts of human gore from murdered men, and women, and children,—but we bid ye forth like angels of mercy, hovering benignly around the tried by affliction, and distilling from their wings of light and love a sovereign balm for the bruised and stricken ones of earth. Reduce your studies into practice—systematize your whole lifetime—your pursuits, your relaxations; be careful to call chirography to the aid of your memory; make memoranda of every case, and especially such as are of peculiar interest, noting every change and remedy, from the beginning to its close. Beware of your company and conversation, and at all times eschew strong drink, gaming, swearing, and tobacco. I need say little to you about your demeanor in the sick chamber: here, at least, a real physician can be no other than a gentleman—I mean a gentleman. It is said of the elder Dr. Parrish, that his suavity and tenderness did almost as much as his skill in the restoration of his patients; and that, on one occasion, a young lady, whose malady seemed reluctant to yield, hearing the good Doctor express a desire that he might see a change for the better in her condition, whispered in the ear of the attendant, “I think if the dear Doctor would kiss me, I should be better.” He overheard her, and promptly responded, “Does thee think so? then thee shall have one,” and suiting the action to the word, he bent over and kissed her. The next day she was better, and soon was entirely well. Let me, however, caution you, young gentlemen, how you repeat the prescription, as it might not in all cases be equally efficacious. Kindness, however, will never be amiss; so will you find when the malady admits of cure. Then how much more will it be appreciated where mortal aid cannot avail; for when human skill cannot abstract the shaft, it may at least by tenderness assuage the smart, while kindly sympathy shall smooth the rough pillow of dying humanity, and gently slope that tearful road which all must tread, as it leads down to that dark—last—silent, and narrow house appointed for all the living.

I have now discharged my duty for to-day; see that ye all faithfully discharge yours for a lifetime. All that now remains for me is, *dictu vale*, to speak farewell; and believe me, gentlemen, when I say that I give utterance to the word from my very heart of hearts. In the name of my colleagues, and of myself

I bid you an affectionate farewell! Those ties of sympathy which for months and years have bound us together in harmonious union, are about to be sundered; soon the magic spell of teacher and student will be broken. We part at the threshold of these halls, and we part, never—never perhaps in time—never more to meet again—never to renew our happy intimacy till Gabriel's trumpet-blast sounds the eternal reveille, and wakes us all to that final meeting, amid the tremendous scenes that shall attend the last act in the great drama of departing time.

Hitherto have we journeyed in company together; yet here, at last, our paths diverge. We, remain to prepare new champions for the race, but ye go to your allotted posts—"the world before you where to choose, and Providence your guide." Go, then—hie ye on your way; for while the words of parting tremble and linger on my tongue, others are watching for your coming; other ears are strained to catch the echoes of your footsteps' tread. That aged father, who sent you hither in trustful confidence, waits the return of his prided son, in whom he expects to survive the ravages of time, and live his manhood o'er again. That tender mother of yours, whose spirit has hovered ever about your pathway as a guardian angel, waits impatient once again to enfold you in those loving arms, which in hours of infantile helplessness so gently twined around your now manly forms. Thy sister, and perhaps one still dearer than a sister,—ay, than sister, brother, father, all—she, too, is looking forth from the casement, and straining her anxious eyes to catch the first glimpses of your appearing, that she too may press you to her heart—that heart so soon to be blended into one with your own, in all the sweetened joys or softened ills of life.

With so many attractions to draw you hence—with so much to call you away—'twere wrong, gentlemen, for us even to wish longer to detain you in our midst, far from such scenes of sweet and brightening hope. And we will not. Go, then, gentlemen, go, and bear Heaven's dearest blessing with you. In God's name we say, Farewell!—farewell in your greetings at the hearthstone of your boyhood—farewell in the full realization of all the brightest visions of your betrothal—in all the most sanguine hopes for future usefulness on earth, and for eternal felicity in Heaven, farewell! Gentlemen—farewell, farewell!

MATRICULANTS OF THE COLLEGE.

SESSION OF 1852-53.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.
Angell, Henry C.,	Rhode Island.
Ashton, A. H., M.D.,	Pennsylvania.
Austin, Alexander G.,	New York.
Baker, Joshua T.,	Pennsylvania.
Bartlett, J. L.,	Michigan.
Beck, Levi G.,	Pennsylvania.
Bigelow, Franklin,	New York.
Blake, James D.,	England.
Blakesley, James M.,	New York.
Boyle, Edward L.,	New York.
Brown, Joseph R., M.D.,	Texas.
Brown, Titus L.,	New York.
Brownell, H. T.,	Connecticut.
Bunting, Thomas C.,	Pennsylvania.
Casselberry, M. L.,	Pennsylvania.
Cate, H. J. M., M.D.,	New Hampshire.
Chamberlain, C. R., M.D.,	Pennsylvania.
Chase, Irah E., M.D.,	Massachusetts.
Clarke, John L.,	Rhode Island.
Clarke, Henry B., M.D.,	Massachusetts.
Clarke, Peleg, M.D.,	Rhode Island.
Clay, G. B. L.,	Pennsylvania.
Compton, C. B.,	New Jersey.
Conway, Thomas,	Pennsylvania.
Cooke, N. F.,	Rhode Island.
Cooper, John F.,	Pennsylvania.
Cowley, David,	Pennsylvania.
Coxe, Daniel,	Pennsylvania.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.
Cresson, Emlen,	Pennsylvania.
Cresson, Charles C.,	Pennsylvania.
Dare, Charles V.,	New Jersey.
Dinsmore, J. P.,	Rhode Island.
Dobbins, M.,	New Jersey.
Evans, R. C.,	Pennsylvania.
Eustace, Andrew,	Pennsylvania.
Fisher, Thomas C.,	Pennsylvania.
Freeman, W.,	Georgia.
Garvin, John E.,	New Jersey.
Gaylord, Edward P.,	New York.
Geiger, Theodore S.,	Maryland.
Gilson, Eli D.,	Ohio.
Gorgas, Charles R.,	Ohio.
Greenbank, John,	Pennsylvania.
Gregg, Rollin R.,	New York.
Gumpert, B. B.,	Pennsylvania.
Hardy, Thomas J., M.D.,	Virginia.
Harris, John S.,	Massachusetts.
Hawley, L. B.,	New York.
Hayward, Joseph,	Pennsylvania.
Helmuth, William T.,	Pennsylvania.
Horton, F., M.D.,	New Hampshire.
Hughes, Alfred,	Virginia.
Ingham, G. W.,	Pennsylvania.
James, Richard S.,	Pennsylvania.
Janney, Daniel, M.D.,	Virginia.
Jennings, Robert,	Pennsylvania.
Johnston, Edward R.,	Pennsylvania.
Jones, Stacy,	Pennsylvania.
Lungren, H. H. G.,	Pennsylvania.
Meade, Samuel C.,	Pennsylvania.
Miller, Alexander C.,	New Jersey.
Minton, Henry,	New York.
Moore, Francis R.,	Pennsylvania.
Morse, Asa W.,	New York.
Morse, George S.,	New York.
Morton, Edward W.,	Maine.
Murphy, William,	Pennsylvania.
Munsy Barton, M.D.,	North Carolina.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.
Musgrave, John F.,	Pennsylvania.
Palmer, Frederic N.,	Maine.
Peirce, Levi,	Massachusetts.
Power, W. R., M.D.,	Pennsylvania.
Pratt, Theodore L.,	Pennsylvania.
Preston, Coates,	Pennsylvania.
Randell, John M., M.D.,	Maryland.
Reading, Edward,	Pennsylvania.
Remington, Stephen, Jr.,	New York.
Roberts, O. O.,	Vermont.
Saltonstall, G. D., M.D.,	New York.
Simons, W., Jackson,	New Jersey.
Shultz, J. Y., M.D.,	Pennsylvania.
Sparhawk, G. E. E.,	Vermont.
Stretch, Joshua B.,	Pennsylvania.
Talbot, I. Tisdale,	Massachusetts.
Taylor, Charles, M.D.,	Connecticut.
Thayer, Henry R.,	Pennsylvania.
Titsworth, R.,	New York.
Turner, John,	Michigan.
Vernon, Thomas,	Rhode Island.
Vogel, Albert,	Pennsylvania.
Walker, Charles H.,	New Hampshire.
Wakeman, John H., M.D.,	Ohio.
Weed, Theodore J.,	Pennsylvania.
West, Seymour,	New York.
Whitcomb, De Witt C.,	Massachusetts.
White, Joseph B.,	Pennsylvania.
Wilder, Lewis De V.,	New York.
Williams, Thomas C.,	Pennsylvania.
Wilkinson, J. J. G.,	England.
Wilkinson, Ross M.,	Pennsylvania.
Wolfe, George,	Pennsylvania.
Wood, J. B.,	Pennsylvania.
Wood, J. G., M.D.,	Massachusetts.
Total,	103

GRADUATES OF 1853.

At a Public Commencement, held March 1st, 1853, in the Musical Fund Hall, the Degree of the College was conferred, by the HON. A. V. PARSONS, President, upon the following gentlemen :—

Name.	Residence.	Subject of Thesis.
Angell, Henry C.,	Rhode Island,	Office of the Colon.
Austin, Alexander G.,	New York,	{ Preparation and Practice of Medicine.
Bigelow, Franklin,	New York,	
Blake, James D.,	England,	Cimicifuga Racemosa.
Blakesley, James M.,	New York,	Vis Vitalis.
Boyle, E. L.,	New York,	The Law of Cure.
Brown, Joseph R., M.D.,	Texas,	
Brown, Titus L.,	New York,	{ Allopathic and Homœopa- thic Obstetrics.
Brownell, H. T.,	Connecticut,	
Casselberry, M. L.,	Pennsylvania,	Paronychia.
Chamberlain, C. R., M.D.,	Pennsylvania,	Neuralgia.
Chase, Irah E., M.D.,	Massachusetts,	{ Medical Opinions and Qualifications.
Clarke, Peleg., M.D.,	Rhode Island,	
Clay, G. B. L.,	Pennsylvania,	Mechanism of Parturition.
Cooper, John F.,	Pennsylvania,	Measles.
Cowley, David,	Pennsylvania,	Ephelides.
Dinsmore, J. P.,	Rhode Island,	{ Homœopathy and its Founder.
Eustace, Andrew,	Pennsylvania,	
Gibson, Eli. D.,	Ohio,	Hygiene.
Gorgas, Charles R.,	Ohio,	Progressive Medicine.
		Dysentery.
Greenbank, John,	Pennsylvania,	{ Similia Similibus Curan- tur.
Gregg, Rollin R.,	New York,	
Gumpert, B. B.,	Pennsylvania,	Temperaments.
Hardy, Thomas J., M.D.,	Virginia,	Phosphorus.
		The Eye.

Name.

Residence.

Subject of Thesis.

Harris, John L.,	Massachusetts,	{ Homœopathy, a Natural System of Cure.
Hawley, L. B.,	New York,	Digestion.
Helmuth, W. T.,	Pennsylvania,	Apocynum Cannabis.
Hughes, Alfred,	Virginia,	Consuetudo Medicæ.
Ingham, G. W.,	Pennsylvania,	Pneumonia.
Johnston, Edward R.,	Pennsylvania,	The Secretory System.
Jones, Staey,	Pennsylvania,	{ Old and New School of Medicine.
Miller, Alexander C.,	New Jersey,	Cynanche Tonsillaris.
Minton, Henry,	New York,	Trillium Cernuum.
Moore, Francis R.,	Pennsylvania,	{ Examination of the Patient and Diagnosis.
Morse, Asa W.,	New York,	The Science of Medicine.
Musgrave, John F.,	Pennsylvania,	Hydrocephalus Acutus.
Palmer, Frederic N.,	Maine,	{ The Office of the Perito- neum.
Pratt, Theodore L.,	Pennsylvania,	Chimaphila Umbellata.
Preston, Coates,	Pennsylvania,	{ Homœopathy and Allo- pathy.
Reading, Edward,	Pennsylvania,	Lilium Superbum.
Remington, Stephen, Jun.,	New York,	High Potencies.
Roberts, O. O.,	Vermont,	Hypertrophy of the Heart.
Simons, W. Jackson,	New Jersey,	Woman and her Diseases.
Sparhawk, G. E. E.,	Vermont,	Cobaltum.
Stretch, Joshua B.,	Pennsylvania,	Intermittent Fever.
Talbot, I. Tisdale,	Massachusetts,	Angina Membranacea.
Titsworth, R.,	New York,	Physiology of the Heart.
Turner, John,	Michigan,	Inflammation.
Vernon, Thomas,	Rhode Island,	{ Insanity and its Treat- ment.
Walker, Charles H.,	New Hampshire,	Dysentery.
Wakeman, John A., M.D.,	Ohio,	_____
West Seymour,	New York,	Cause and Effect.
Williams, Thomas C.,	Pennsylvania,	Accuracy in Practice.
Wilkinson, J. J. G.,	England,	_____
Wilkinson, Ross M.,	Pennsylvania,	Inflammation.

Total,

55



